

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

## LITERATURE.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

THIS is the era of obituaries, the year which seems destined to chronicle the departure of the greatest and the best who have survived, the representatives of the acts and thoughts of that extraordinary period of human development, the first half of the nineteenth century. Abroad, Wellington has gone, transferring to history, by the solemn dividing line of death, the political and military traditions of his times. But a few months since Clay closed, with a domestic pathos, befitting the character of the man, in the private chamber of his sufferings, his long trust of public usefulness. And now, an end not less characteristic, Webster retires to his home, by the sound of his ocean-billows, with the words of religion and friendship and the lines of his favorite poet on his lips, to die with the fading year. Few are the great men in literature and art who faintly live on, disappearing shadows of an age which will be remembered as the world talks of that of Augustus, of Elizabeth, or of Leo. We literally walk upon ashes—"You can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones."

To sum up the life and associations of Webster is a task worthy to exhaust the best talents of his countrymen—and we may safely predict that whatever the mind of New England, at least, possesses of historic capability, of analysis, reflection, genial imagination in reproducing the picture of a man consummate, according to the limits of human perfection, will be employed on this occasion. We must be content with barely indicating what seem to us at the moment necessary elements of such a picture.

Foremost, as the basis of the career just closed, will be the personal development of Daniel Webster. His youth was one of New England self-denial and conscientious perseverance. Nature hardened her thriving son in a rugged soil of endurance. The anecdotes of his early life will pass to posterity as a type of a peculiar culture and civilization which have made many men in America. There was a vein of the stout old Puritanic granite in his composition, which the corruptions of Washington life, the manners of cities, and the arts of polities never overlaid. To this he was true to the end. In whatever associations he might be placed there was always this show of strength and vigor. It was felt that whatever might appear otherwise was accidental and the effect of circumstances, while the substantive man, Daniel Webster, was a man of pith and moment, built up upon stout, ever-during realities. And this is to be said of all human greatness, that it is but as the sun shining in glimpses through an obscured day of clouds and darkness. Clear and bright was that life and light, now set forever, at its rising, great warmth did it impart at its meridian, and a happy omen was that Sabbath morn of strange purity and peace with whose dawn its beams were at last blended.

Daniel Webster had completed the solemn aitement of three score and ten. It was his fortune at once to die at home, in the midst of the sanctities of his household and in the almost instant discharge of his duties to the State. He died in office. His public life to its close was identified with important questions of national concern, and time has yet

to set its seal upon the discharge of those duties, and to Time the verdict may safely be trusted.

Of his capacities as an orator and writer, of his forensic triumphs and repute, much has to be said. The one lesson which they teach to the youth of America is simplicity and directness—to look for the substantial qualities of the thing and utter them clearly as they are felt intensely. This was the sum of all the art which Webster used in his orations. There was no circumlocution or trick of rhetoric beyond the old Horatian recommendation adopted by a generous nature :

"Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur."

This habit of mind led Webster to the great masters of thought—"the large utterance of the early gods." He found his fertile nourishment in the books of the Bible, the simple energy of Homer, and the vivid grandeur of Milton. He has left traces of these studies on many a page.

There was about Webster a constant air of nobility of soul. Whatever subject he touched he made greater. Every occasion rose in his hands—for he connected it with interests beyond those of the present moment or the passing object. Two grand ideas seem to have been ever present with him, notions which as they are strongly conceived will fill the soul to its utmost capacity; the ideas of patriotism, with its manifold relations, and of the grand mutations of time. He lived for half a century in the public life of his country—with whose growth he has grown from the first generation of patriots, and in whose mould as it was shaped over a continent, from Atlantic to Pacific, he was moulded. He seemed to be conscious himself of a certain historic element about his thoughts and actions. This will be remembered as a prevalent trait of his speeches and addresses whether in the capitol or before a group of villagers. He recalled the generations which had gone before, the founders of states in colonial times on our inhospitable shores; the Men of the Days of Washington; our sires of the Revolution:—he enumerated the names of the individuals who were memorable in his youth as poetry records them in the pages of the Iliad or the Aeneid:

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum,  
or as imperishable history chronicles them  
in the sacred annals of Judea.

This was his glory, to honor the state, to be himself honored in it. For this he first accepted office, and for this, under every difficulty, he was willing to retain it, and for this, we may add, he naturally looked forward to the Presidency. Whatever men ruled the State, with him the post of duty was the post of honor. Like the second Adams, he must serve his country in some capacity, and die in harness. He has fallen at an honorable station—a station which his public life has especially illustrated—a station which requires faculties of as high an order as the Presidency itself—a cabinet office which, it will never be forgotten, has been held and consecrated, in the vast range of its duties, by Daniel Webster.

There was a time when a great number of his countrymen hoped to enjoy the privilege and honor of worthily maintaining Daniel Webster as a candidate for the first office of the State: that opportunity was denied them, a source of melancholy disappointment, we know, to many. How far

that denial was recently felt by the great statesman himself, we may not know; that it was felt we know—from such terms as might with dignity fall from his lips; whether it has shortened a life with fruitful years of service to his country in reserve, is but a matter for speculation. It is too late now for the lesson to profit. Party has no more such great men as Calhoun, Clay, or Webster upon whom to bestow its hesitations. All is over: the toils of office are ended:

"Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further."

## NINEVEH AND ITS STORY.\*

Few topics of deeper interest than that connected with the lost cities of the East have occupied the public attention during the last quarter of a century. For more than two thousand years the very existence of Nineveh was a name only, and the place where it lay buried was wholly unknown. Yet the mighty city of which Holy Scripture speaks, the old historians speak, the grand capital of a vast, populous, powerful empire, still lived in the imagination of many a scholar and lover of ancient lore who sighed after the opportunity of searching for its ruins. At last a French *savant* and a wandering English scholar, sought out the seat of lost Nineveh, and, searching till they found the dead city, threw off its shroud of sand and ruin, and revealed once more to the astonished world the temples, the palaces, and the idols; the representations of war and the triumphs of peaceful art, of the ancient Assyrians. It is a strange and spirit-stirring story which Mr. Bonomi undertakes to tell, and one which shows us how courage and learning, talent and enterprise, patience and industry, succeeded in rescuing from the earth the treasures which remain of a people and empire long since perished from among men.

In preparing the volume now before us, and in treating of Nineveh and its palaces, Mr. Bonomi has followed a "system of arrangement originated by the highly suggestive sculptures which have been discovered. Thus after carefully examining the remains in our own (the British) Museum and in the Louvre, and studying the ground plans of the respective structures with the original situation of the friezes, he selected a starting point and pursued a regular and systematic course through the ruined chambers, reading the sculptures upon the walls together with the Scriptures as he progressed." The arrangement we deem a happy one, as it enables the author more clearly and forcibly to apply the discoveries thus far made to the elucidation of Holy Writ—which is the main object of his book.

In calling attention to the volume at this time, we shall endeavor briefly to point out the author's plan, giving here and there an extract, which may serve as a specimen of the style and spirit of the whole work.

Mr. Bonomi divides his book into six sections, which are respectively entitled "Discoveries;" "Historical;" "Topography;" "Discoveries" (in detail); "Costume;" and "In-

\* Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard, applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. By Joseph Bonomi, F.R.S.L. Illustrated London Library. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co. Pp. 402.

scriptions and Latest Proceedings and Discoveries."

The section devoted to Discoveries is full of interest, and the labors of Rich, Botta, and Layard are dwelt upon with considerable particularity. Rich has the merit of being the first to break the ground in this new field, and by his intelligence to have awakened the enterprise of others. This was between thirty-five and forty years ago. Botta followed in the steps of his worthy predecessor, and by his admirable personal qualifications succeeded in attaining important results. He commenced his researches in December, 1842, at the mound of Kouyunjik; but soon after, in March, 1843, he began his labors at Khorsabad, where it was his good fortune to discover "an immense monument, to be compared, with regard to richness and ornament, to the most sumptuous productions bequeathed to us by Egypt." Mr. Bonomi gives a very interesting account of the perplexities and vexations incident to such labors as those of M. Botta, the jealousy of the government, the superstitions of the people, &c., which our readers will be interested in perusing. In March, 1846, the collection of Botta was shipped at Bassora, and at the close of the year, the Louvre was enriched with this collection, the first that had ever been brought to Europe. Layard, whose name is now identified with Assyrian antiquities and discoveries, first met with Botta at Mosul, in 1842, and by the kindness and liberality of the British minister at Constantinople, he was enabled to enter upon labors which resulted in filling the British Museum with its most noble collection of the remains of Assyrian art and history. His first visit terminated with the excavations at Nimroud, in May, 1847.

In the section devoted to Historical analysis, the author enters quite at large into the consideration of the Assyria and Mesopotamia of the Bible and of the classical writers. Speaking of the variations in Chronology, he says:—"This account, which makes Ninus contemporary with Abraham, the tenth generation from Shem, perfectly accords with the duration of the Assyrian empire, which all agree did not exceed 1300 years from its rise to the fall of Sardanapalus. Sardanapalus died B.C. 743, and if we reckon backward 1300 years we shall find that the reign of Ninus commenced 200 years after Nimrod began to be mighty on the earth, so that he could neither have been Nimrod himself, nor the son of Nimrod, as some have inferred from the statement of Berossus."

After the overthrow of Sardanapalus and the ascendancy of the Medes, who took Nineveh: "We hear no more of Nineveh nor of the Assyrian state, and Babylon became the seat of the imperial power. The grand era of Babylonian greatness commences with Nebuchadnezzar, who succeeded his father shortly after the overthrow of Nineveh. Most of the great works for which his capital became famous, are due to him or to Nitocris, his queen. Under Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon became the mistress of the East, and its vast power caused the jealousy of surrounding nations. It was at this time that the Chaldeans marched upon Jerusalem, de-throned the king whom the Egyptians had set up, and carried away a great number of prisoners, among whom were Daniel and his three friends, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah."

At a later date, this mighty city, too, fell

into ruin and decay: "And Babylon became only a distant and insignificant fragment of the Roman empire, growing dimmer and dimmer in fame and importance, until it eventually shared the fate of its sister Nineveh, and sunk beneath the very surface of the earth."

In the section devoted to Topography, Mr. Bonomi gives a very interesting and clear description of the situation of Khorsabad and its mounds; of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Nebbi Yunis, together with an acute discussion as to the correctness of Layard's views as to the boundary and walls of Nineveh; of Kalah Shergat; and of Babylon, Persepolis, Besithem, Nahr-al-Kelb, and Cyprus, the latter of which are connected somewhat closely with Nineveh and its remains.

It would be impossible, in the brief space allowed us at the present time, to go at all into details respecting the palaces of Assyria, the remains and sculptures in the British Museum, and the costume, the arts, industry, and commerce of Assyria, all of which are treated with fulness and clearness, and illustrated by a profusion of well-executed drawings. One more extract, and we shall beg to commend the volume to our readers as well worthy their attention and examination. It is marked by most commendable care and research, and the application of the monumental remains to Scripture language is always ingenious, if not conclusive. Though we cannot always agree with Mr. Bonomi, nor at all times see the precise force of what he says, yet we are free to confess that he has furnished material which the scholar and the divine may not be ashamed to profit by. But to the extract:—

"The condition of the ruins is highly corroborative of the sudden destruction that came upon Nineveh by fire and sword. 'Then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off.' It is evident from the ruins that both Khorsabad and Nimroud were sacked and then set on fire. 'She is empty and void and waste.' Neither Botta nor Layard found any of that store of silver and gold, and 'pleasant furniture,' which the palaces contained; scarcely anything, even of bronze, escaped the spoiler, but he unconsciously left what is still more valuable, for to the falling-in of the roofs of the buildings, by his setting fire to the columns and beams that supported them, and his subsequent destruction of the walls, we are indebted for the extraordinary preservation of the sculptures. In them we possess an authentic and contemporary commentary on the prophecies; in them we read, in unmistakable characters, an evidence of that rapacity and cruelty of which the Assyrian nation is accused. 'For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity!'—(Habak. ii, 11, 12).

#### ST. JOHN'S VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.\*

A NEW book on Egypt. A promise almost to be despaired of, but Mr. Bayle St. John makes it good by the conditions of his familiar acquaintance with the theme, and the inveterate good humor with which he over-rides all obstacles. A man on good terms with himself makes others easy in his company—provided always his self-possession is of a genuine character, without those unfavorable hues of arrogance and ultra egotism. Mr. St. John—with a pardonable spicie of the

fast young Londoner—is just such a favorable specimen of character. He knows the East and has made up his mind to enjoy it; so he avoids its disagreeabilities. Perhaps he has reflected on the subject and come to the conclusion that travellers sitting at home by their firesides do not take up a book on Egypt, or any other country, to be entertained all the while with exclamations at filth, nervous shrinking at fleas or mammoth mosquitoes, cursing and swearing at boatmen or hot blasts from the desert. Mr. St. John gives intimation of these things where they are needed, for the sake of truth; but for the sake of enjoyment they are usually kept out of the way as you would manage to ignore them yourself if you were a wise pilgrim to the gates of the Nile. On the other hand, his pictures are free from the treacherous sentimentality of the subject. He does not give you words for things or set you on the Laputian problem of extracting cucumbers from moonshine.

Father and son, the St. Johns have done much for the popular illustration of things Egyptian. Mr. James Augustus St. John, besides being a good general bookmaker in his day, in such works as the *Lives of the Travellers, Manners of Ancient Greece*, has written a *Description of Egypt and Nubia, Tales of the Ramad'han, Travels in the Valley of the Nile*, and is now engaged upon a romantic flight of "Isis and Osiris," in which we are told "Egypt is made the frame-work of most brilliant imaginations." We may suppose the son, the author of our present volumes, brought up in such a school as Cairo or Alexandria, and see how naturally have come forth *his Adventures in the Libyan Desert, Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family, Views in the Oasis of Siwah*—all books which he has published within the last few years.

In the *Village Life of Egypt* he has a *spécialité*. Other travellers have used the fellahs for the back-ground or accessories of their picture—Bayle St. John brings them into the foreground. They are the descendants of the pyramid-builders—still subject to the oppressions and bondage from which their ancestors' companions in captivity were once so memorably delivered. They are to this day serfs, slaves of the soil. Of the produce of their labor and the bounteous gifts of the Nile, ninety-five per cent., we are told, goes to the state, collected by the scourge, and this is so universally administered and thoroughly understood that it is accepted as a matter of course, like a child's flogging in a flogging family. The tyranny of Egyptian rulers is expressed in a shorthand formula in this whipping process, which is good for a thousand instances of social maladministration, but especially useful in filling the sub-treasury at Cairo. Our author gives it a humorous turn, and, humanity apart, it does take a comic look when it is mixed up in such a free and easy way with the every-day affairs of life as in some of these incidents.

#### AN EPISODE IN AN ENTERTAINMENT.

"It is difficult to ascertain the accurate statistics of beatings in Egypt. So many of these executions are reported to end in death, that sometimes I hesitate to believe; although, to be sure, there are dozens of well-established instances. A thousand blows are no joke. \* \* \*

"In Upper Egypt, a very respectable old gentleman, who had no reason to think he had given cause of displeasure, received one day the visit of an amiable, soft-spoken personage from

\* *Village Life in Egypt: with Sketches of the Said.* By Bayle St. John. 2 vols. Ticknor, Reed & Field.

Cairo, armed with full powers to represent his Highness Ahmet Pasha. The guest was welcomed with politeness and hospitality—not unmixed, of course, with apprehension; and a splendid supper refreshed him after his long journey. When the meal was concluded and hands were washed, the new-comer, as he delicately parted his well-trimmed moustache with the amber mouth piece of the offered pipe, said: 'Now, to business. With infinite regret I inform thee, my master! that I have come hither the bearer of orders to give thee five hundred blows immediately on my arrival. It will be better for both parties to despatch this unpleasant affair as speedily as possible. Thou wilt allow me, therefore, to issue the necessary orders. Ali, Giaffar, do your duty!' The astounded Nazir roared for mercy; but ere the first spiral whiff of smoke from the visitor's elegantly pursed lips had reached the rafters, the operation had commenced, and it was nearly over before a second pipe was required."

Astronomers tell us that a single arm uplifted in space, affects the motions of the universe. In a segment of that great sphere we may trace more palpably the vibrations of the wrath of a Mohammed Ali.

#### AN INGENIOUS STUDY.

"From these anecdotes it will be seen that the office of Nazir is no sinecure; and it is perhaps natural that men who are themselves subject to such arbitrary treatment should go and do likewise to their inferiors. In a less princely way, but with equal severity, do the Nazirs treat their subordinates, and especially the Sheikhs of the villages. These again, it is true, in order to ease the smart, make free with the shoulders below them; so that a cuff from the Pasha of Pashas eddies away sometimes to the very depths of the population, and is felt in its consequences from the Bahairah to the Said. It is impossible to calculate how many square feet of human back used to require poulticing within a few days after one of Mohammed Ali's interviews with his naughty children."

Everything in the world has its alleviations, or rather its scale of more or less. A bankrupt merchant lives in comparative poverty in New York on five thousand a year; a withered tapster, Shakspeare tells us, turns to a good serving-man, and an Egyptian fellah congratulates himself on making, upon the whole, a good thing out of a bastinado, and this is the way he does it:

#### COLLECTING THE REVENUE.

"This subject of beating is unpleasant, and I will dismiss it at once. The stick governs China, says Montesquieu; the naboot governs Egypt. It is a mistake to suppose that the punishment is always inflicted on the soles of the feet. I believe it is more common to horse the patients in true Eton style. Few men can boast of not having smarted at one or other extremity; if, indeed, impunity be a subject of congratulation. The fellahs are proud of the number of blows they receive, because they generally suffer in a good cause—the refusal to pay excessive taxes. These 'village Hampdens' know perfectly well that tranquil payment would only generate increased demands; and they rarely come down with the money until they have been down themselves. It is curious to see the quiet family way in which this important matter is transacted, in the palm-shaded agora of some sequestered hamlet; and how one sufferer, having paid his double quarterly contribution, goes and squats down, as well as he is able, to see the same game played over again with another. His countenance, though still wincing with pain, betrays, nevertheless, a consciousness of duty performed; and whilst accepting a pipe from some expectant rate-payer,

he slyly congratulates himself on having saved the few fuddahs which he had held in reserve under his tongue, in case the torture became too exquisite. Meanwhile the Sheikh, burly and fat, with paternal solicitude and main appeals to Allah and his Prophet, exhorts all whom it may concern to think of their latter ends; and having collected at length about the sum required, retires from the scene, hugging himself in the hope that he can keep back a reasonable proportion. But the inevitable naboot again comes into play, and the Nazir avenges the poor fellah in the most satisfactory manner. To this tune the dollars travel gently towards the treasury."

There is a fine humor, after travelling about the Delta in the midst of such scenes, to come upon a prophetic crazy burst of old Mohammed Ali—an incident which will recall one of the heroic acts of noble Don Quixote.

#### A SWORD OF LATH.

"Apropos of these galley-slaves; it happened, during one of Mohammed Ali's last visits to his dockyard,—at the period when his intellectual powers having faded before his physical,—they were compelled to fill his scabbard with a sword of lath, lest he might be tempted to hack and hew at his faithful servants,—that the poor old prince was moved to exercise the royal prerogative of mercy. Despising the routine which he had himself established, he raised his voice and cried, 'Ye are all free; go your ways!' This general amnesty took the courtiers by surprise; and no less so the galley-slaves. The latter first recovered their presence of mind, and began knocking off their chains. Others took to flight as they were. Murderers, thieves, bankrupts, rebellious servants, unexact Sheikhs, extortive governors, the quarries of justice and the victims of caprice, all began to break away indiscriminately. Some vigorous person saw the danger, and whispering orders to lead away the old Viceroy, whose hawk-eye still flashed with the enthusiasm of a last exertion of power, put a stop to this general gaol-delivery. Several hundreds, however, had already got away,—the worst of the lot,—and for many days there was a regular hunt in Alexandria for escaped convicts. Most were caught again, though some got off clear. It was thought decent to carry out the act of mercy to a certain extent. As usual, however, in Egypt, the boon of liberty was granted, not exactly to those who deserved, but to those who could pay for it. The Sheikhs were for the most part in the latter category, and returned to their villages, to which absence had, perhaps, somewhat endeared them."

Mr. St. John verifies by ocular inspection the feat of the Derweeshes at Cairo of the Doseh or Trampling.

#### A HUMAN BRIDGE.

"After about ten minutes of unusual animation we saw, coming from the direction of the Iron Gate, a number of flags, principally green, and inscribed with letters from the Koran. Their bearers, preceded by clubmen, soon succeeded in piercing through the crowd, and forming an alley about six feet wide, in the front line of which I was fortunate enough to get. The flags were still fluttering in sight, when a long column of young derweeshes, two-and-two, holding one to the other, and those behind with their hands on the shoulders of those before, came rushing down the alley. As they passed they swayed like one man from side to side, uttering in a deep, gasping tone, the word 'Allah!' The eyes of some were closed; but others glared frightfully. All were very pale, and perspired profusely. They seemed intoxicated, and were so; some by fanaticism, others by hashish. Most wore libdehs, or pointed felt caps; some tarbooshes: none turbans. They passed too rapidly

to enable me to count them; but they must have been above two hundred in number.

"I could not see either end of the columns, when they stopped, and, without more ado, threw themselves flat on their faces, side by side, forming a human pavement to the lane. Several individuals, with official bustle, now began running to and fro, arranging a shoulder here, an arm there, a leg further on; and ascertaining that no spaces were left between the sides of the paving-men. These all the time kept up a kind of convulsive twitching motion throughout their bodies, and rubbed their noses violently in the dust, from side to side, as they grunted forth the name of God in more awfully bestial accents, as the moment of trial drew nigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What followed was the work of an instant. A stout man, on a powerful horse, preceded, supported, and followed by about a dozen attendants, moved with a quick, lively walk, over the bodies of the prostrate derweeshes. There was no juggling in the case. Every one of the victims received the tread about the small of the back; and some of them threw up their heads and feet, as if the very life had been crushed out of them. Away rode the Sheikh; and the friends and relations of the performers rushed forward to snatch them up, and whisper in their ears 'Wahed,' that is, 'Declare the unity of God.' Some of the poor wretches, though half insensible, murmured the response with bleeding or foaming lips. Many of them were in an undisguised swoon, and lay senseless and ghastly; others responded with groans. Their general appearance was that of drunken men taken from under the wheels of a carriage."

This is sufficiently painful, but it is relieved by a lively story, which, for the sake of relief, and because it is not very long, and smacks of the old Arabian Nights, and is, withal, an index to the reader of other good things of the kind in the book, we quote without further ceremony.

#### A COUNTRYMAN IN CAIRO.

"A man from a distant village happened once to be in Cairo on the day of the ceremony, and hearing every one talk of the Doseh, inquired what was meant. A baker, to whom he addressed himself, being waggishly inclined, explained, that those who were trampled on were aspirants for the honorable post of Sheikh-el-Beled. Our clown accordingly resolved to go through the ordeal, and when the pavement was formed boldly threw himself down. Ten minutes afterwards he recovered from a swoon, felt as if his back was broken, and found himself surrounded by a number of sallow-looking individuals, who shouted in his ear, 'Wahed! Wahed! Wahed!'

"'Wahed, of course,' quoth he: 'but let me receive my appointment at once, otherwise I shall die before I reach my village and give orders for Mohammed the tobacconist to be flogged.' Upon this the bystanders thought he was mad; and as he continued to talk in the same strain, they seized him, and took him to the Moristan, or mad-house, where he was stripped and chained by the neck like a wild beast. He now understood that he had been made a fool of, and determined to be revenged on the baker. For this purpose he remained so quiet and reasonable that he was released; and a saint who happened to touch him that day, gained great reputation by his cure. He went immediately and bought a considerable number of hashish pills, with which he proposed to carry out his plan of vengeance. Having watched some time about the house of the baker, and ascertained that the master had gone forth, he climbed a wall, and whilst the women were asleep, contrived to introduce one of his pills into each of a large collection of loaves ready for sale. This

done, he cautiously retired, and would have been wise had he returned at once to his village; but, actuated by a desire to witness the discomfiture of the baker, he went to him a couple of hours afterwards, and with an appearance of great simplicity complained, that although he had submitted to the Doseh, he had not received his appointment as Sheikh. The baker was enjoying the joke, when an old woman came in, and said that her son had become mad after eating one of his loaves; then a man followed, himself partially intoxicated, who declared that all his family were maniacs by his means; and so on, until a large crowd was collected. The baker did his best to appease them, and succeeded in inducing them to retire for a while. The clown, who was the cause of the mischief, could not conceal his delight, and our waggish baker understood that he had been paid off in his own coin. He felt certain, however, that the worst of the business was not yet over; and going to his wife's room, he said to her:—

“My heart, it is necessary that thou shouldest play a trick to save me. Go to the leewan, and speak softly to the stranger that is there, and if any one comes in, pretend that he is thy husband.”

The woman did as she was desired, and the clown was overjoyed, thinking that he should be doubly revenged on his enemy. Suddenly there was a great knocking at the door, and four or five men were heard demanding admittance.

“This is disagreeable,” quoth the woman; “my reputation is in danger. You must go and open, and pretend to be the baker; and I will call you my husband.”

The men were admitted; and having come into the leewan, demanded the master of the house.

“This is he,” quoth the woman.

“Nay,” said one of the new-comers, “I thought the baker had but one eye.”

“Of a truth,” exclaimed the clown, endeavoring to show by his familiarity that he was really the woman's husband; “no one is the baker but I.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the men produced sticks from under their cloaks, and fell upon him, crying—

“Woe be to the wretch that put hashish pills into our bread!”

They beat him till he was insensible, and then went away laughing at their achievement. Soon afterwards the baker arrived, and with the assistance of his wife carried the unfortunate clown forth, and left him for dead in the street; but he soon recovered, and feeling that he was no match for a Caireen, returned to his village, cursing his own folly.

We have not half exhausted our marked passages, but we have given enough to show Mr. St. John's pleasant qualities as a sketcher in Egypt. The reader will find in his book a view of the political condition of the country not the less full of information for not being thrust upon his attention; an inviting introduction to more mature and explicit works on the Antiquities; and some capital suggestions for the tourist, should this ideal medium of picturesque narration be exchanged for the living realities of Old Nile.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE: UHLAND.

##### SECOND PAPER.

[Concluded from No. 298.]

The “Wanderlieder” have, for the greater part, been set to music, and are significant of the effusion of the German heart, leaving the home of young affections, tearing away from local associations, and the attachments and loves of the native roof: we here present one set of them, from the departure to the return:—

#### ROVING.

##### INTRODUCTION.

Loving friends, ye bid me rove,  
Chase all cares from off my breast,  
Long at daily toil I strove,  
Turn to wandering, think ye best?  
Let me tell you how I dote  
On my dear and native home,  
All my thoughts to it devote,  
Feel more free than when I roam,  
Looking where the old roads lead,  
Fathoming in vain this vale,  
Every olden bridge I tread  
Always tells me some new tale.  
By my silent musing led  
Thinking of the lonely road,  
When the sunbeams, bright o'er head,  
Favorite shadows cast abroad.  
In the West the red sun drops,  
Then my heart finds no repose,  
Travels o'er those mountain tops  
And to fabled islands goes.  
When the stars their light diffuse  
Contemplation leads me on,  
Scenes in distant space reviews,  
Heavenly prospects dwells upon.  
Age and youth have pleasant dreams  
Led by future and by past,  
All before me shoreless seems,  
Ever lost in themes so vast.  
Therefore, friends, O let me roam,  
Point the object and the way;  
I'll amid the bowers of home  
And such thoughts no longer stay.

##### 1. Adieu.

Adieu, adieu to thee my love,  
Ere I depart this day  
Yet one fond kiss before I rove,  
I can no longer stay.  
One sweet flower, one sweet flower  
Pluck from my garden tree;  
No more fruit, none from this hour,  
Shall it e'er bear for me.

##### 2. To Part and Shun.

And oh must I now shun thee,  
Thou of life's joys the best!  
At parting giv'st a kiss to me,  
I press thee to my breast.  
Is this to say we shun, my love,  
When face is press'd to face,  
And how can this our parting prove  
Clasp'd thus in fond embrace?

##### 3. From Afar.

Neath shady trees I'll seek my rest,  
Those birds I love to hear,  
With warblings sweet ye fill my breast,  
My far-off love's to you confess'd,  
Can ye aught from her bear?  
Here by this gentle streamlet's flow,  
Where bloom the odorous flowers,  
I'll rest.—Oh flowers who bade you grow!  
Tis as a pledge ye're here, I know,  
Of her in far-off bowers.

##### 4. Morning Song.

Nought seems as yet by sunlight stirred,  
Nor early matin bells are heard  
These dusky vales among.  
What chillness in these forests deep!  
'Twould seem the twittering birds did sleep  
And hush'd the voice of song.  
Into the fields I've bent my way,  
Words I have found for this my lay,  
Have sung it loud and long.

##### 5. Night Wandering.

Darkening shadows round me fall,  
Moon and stars receding all,  
Cold winds begin to blow.  
Oft as I chance to pass this way  
Twas on a golden sunlit day  
Soft breezes whispering low.  
I ride along these gardens dark  
The naked trees are rustling, hark!  
The withered leaves do fall.

Twas here that I was wont to rove  
Mid roses' bloom inviting love,  
Such scenes may I recall!

Those sunlit streams have pass'd away,  
Wither'd are all those roses gay,  
My love's beneath the ground.  
As I these dusky scenes ride through  
Dark wintry storms hide all from view,  
I wrap my mantle round.

##### 6. Winter Wandering.

Cold wintry winds do blow,  
The streets are still and drear,  
Waters no longer flow

And I am rambling here!

How clouded seems the sun,  
'Twill early go to rest,  
The warmth of love is gone,

No pleasures fill my breast.

The forest's now pass'd through,

I see the hamlet near,

My hands I'll warm, although

My heart stays cold and sear.

##### 7. Departure.

The old town now I leave at last,  
Where I have spent so many a day,  
With speedy steps I'm travelling fast  
And no one comes to show the way.

No eager friends my coat have torn,  
I'm glad the garments fared so well,  
My cheeks have no hard usage borne  
From friends whose hearts are wont to swell.

No one has spent a sleepless night  
To think that I was going away,  
For them to sleep was very right,  
Of one I took it hard—must say.

##### 8. Resting Place.

That host so wondrous mild, with him  
Of late I chanced to stay,  
With golden apple on a limb  
The sign stood by the way.

Twas at the good old apple tree  
That I call'd in to rest,  
The foaming juice he handed me  
And sweet fare on me pressed.

Then came into his house so green  
Many a lively guest,  
Freely they danc'd and eat between,  
And sung what they knew best.

I sought my bed of sweet repose,  
Of mattress green 'twas made,  
The host himself, who o'er me rose,  
Cover'd me with his shade.  
But when I ask'd to pay my score  
He shook his head to me.  
Blest for such kindness evermore  
From root to top he'll be!

##### 9. Return.

Be steady, thou old bridge! thou tremblest  
and I fear,  
Fall not upon me rocks! so threat'ning ye appear!  
Sink not beneath me earth! ye heavens fall not down,  
Till I with her shall be, my fondest hopes to crown.

We conclude with a few more specimens of ballad and romantic poetry, in the vein most characteristic of Uhland, and for which, in the guise of melodious verse, he is still among the most highly cherished of living poets. The extravagance of a romantic past, with its delusive visions of castles and mailed knights, operates upon the imagination of the present day as the distant prospect of the natural landscape does upon the vision of the painter; the distance of time standing in the same relation to the mind as the laws and properties of light do to the visual organs; and hence it is not the province of true poesy to go into a historical

analysis of the past, nor to let scientific deductions interfere with the revelations of fancy.

That diseased form of romanticism, which proceeded from German soil and infected a large class of English prose writers, has left but little trace behind it; yet the same subject, in its adaptation to lyric song, will be long treasured up by the national feeling; and the writer who thus records in poetical numbers the events and stories of a clouded tradition, and thus consecrates them to the muse, acquires a fame among his countrymen coeval with their language.

#### THE BLIND KING.

Why stand those northern warriors there  
The ocean's shore along?  
And why is he with silvery hair,  
The blind king, 'mid that throng?  
His voice is heard in plaintive sounds,  
As o'er his staff he bends,  
From shore to shore each cry rebounds  
And every ear attends.

"O bandit, from those rocks among,  
My daughter pray restore,  
Her harp she played, for me she sung,  
Shall I hear them no more?  
While dancing on the green alone,  
To thee fell a prey,  
Remorse, repay the crime thus done,  
I mourn—my hairs are gray."

Thus stood before his dusky cave  
That robber huge and wild,  
Brandish'd his giant sword and gave  
Loud strokes upon his shield.  
"Thy sentinels are bold and true  
Surely they need not quail,  
And many a warrior hast thou, foe,  
Are they of no avail?"

Those gazing warriors stand spell-bound,  
To lead the way there's none,  
The sightless monarch turns around  
And says, "Am I alone?"

Then takes his father's hand the son,  
And with emotions warm,  
"For thee I'll through all danger run,  
There's prowess in this arm."

"You'll meet, my son, a giant foe,  
His valor few withstand,  
But noble blood must in thee flow,  
I feel it in this hand.  
Here, take this blade, 'tis old but good,  
It's been a Scaldie prize,  
And shouldst thou fall, within this flood  
I'll plunge, no more to rise."

But list! across the foaming wave  
A skiff is seen to steer,  
The blind king stands and hearkens grave,  
While all are list'ning near,  
Till sword's and buckler's clang is heard  
High up those cliffs among,  
To battle-cry each hero stirr'd,  
Each sound by echoes flung,  
With trembling joy the sire exclaimed  
"Say, what do ye behold?  
I hear my sword for temper famed  
And sound well known of old,  
But now I hear that robber fall,  
His bloody deeds are done,  
Hail, boldest hero of them all,  
Thou art a kingly son!"

Now quiet once more reigns around,  
The list'ning king stands still,  
Hark! o'er the deep there comes a sound  
The air it seems to fill.

"Mid splashing oars behold them there,  
Thy son with sword and shield,  
And she of light and shining hair,  
Thy daughter, fair Gunild!  
That monarch, bent with age and blind,  
Loud cheers of welcome gave,

"Some years of bliss may I still find,  
And honor'd be my grave,  
And when life's o'er, shalt thou, my son,  
This sword beside me lay,  
And thou, Gunild, the rescued one,  
Shalt my last requiem play."

#### THE RING.

Across the smiling mead, one morn,  
A brave knight bent his way,  
His anxious thoughts to her were borne  
Whose beauty held its sway.  
"O, prized ring, of golden hue,  
Come tell me well and free,  
Say is my cherish'd loved-one true,  
For thou'rt her pledge to me."  
But as he gazed upon that ring  
Behold! 'twill'd away,  
On the green grass 'twas seen to spring,  
The ring, it would not stay,  
With eager grasp he tried to gain  
His treasure on the lea,  
Blinded by golden flowers, 'tis vain,  
The ring he cannot see.  
High on a neighboring linden's top,  
A falcon saw him pass,  
Scarce had he seen the ring to drop,  
He sought it in the grass,  
On fluttering pinions did he rise  
Into the air above,  
To rob him of that golden prize,  
His winged brethren strove,  
But ah! the booty fled them all,  
The ring their's could not be,  
The gazing knight, he saw it fall,  
It fell into the sea!  
The finny tribe then skipped in glee  
To catch the toy so bright,  
The ring sunk down, down in the sea,  
And sunk till out of sight.

"O, golden ring upon the green,  
The flowers they vie with thee!  
O, ring, when in the air thou'rt seen,  
Fondling of birds thou'l be,  
In waters deep, O, golden ring,  
The fishes chase thee free,  
And dost thou, then, such tidings bring  
Of my fair one to me?"

#### SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

The shepherd's mountain boy, ye know  
O'erlooking castles far below,—  
The early sunbeams first I see  
Their lingering rays remain with me,  
I am the mountain boy.

The river's native home is here,  
From springs I drink its waters clear,  
See! from the precipice it roars,  
My arms receive it, as it pours,  
I am the mountain boy.

The mountain tops are all I own,  
I hear the storms around me moan,  
From north to south I hear them yell  
And high above my song they swell,  
I am the mountain boy.

Though I the tempests 'neath me view,  
Yet here I stand 'mid air so blue,  
I know them well and bid them not  
Disturb my father's humble cot,  
I am the mountain boy.

The tower-bell once may toll below  
And watch-fires on these hills may glow,  
Then I'll descend the ranks among,  
Brandish my sword and sing my song,  
I am the mountain boy.

#### THE MONARCH'S SON.

I.  
The aged and hoary monarch sits,  
On his ancestral throne,  
His mantle glows like evening red,  
Like setting sun his crown.  
"To you, my first and second sons,  
I give my wide domains,

For thee, my third and dearest child,  
No portion more remains."

"I crave of all thy treasures, one,  
'Tis thy old time-worn crown,  
Three vessels give me and I'll seek  
A kingdom and renown."

#### II.

The youth sees, standing on the deck,  
His vessels plough their way,  
The sunbeams bright, the winds among  
His golden ringlets play.  
The rudder sweeps, and swell the sails,  
The streamers fly along,  
Companions of the fleet, are heard  
The mermaids' mirth and song,  
"This be my happy realm," spake he,  
"That free and joyous moves,  
And round about the listless earth  
An ocean's blue waves roves."  
But see! the threat'ning tempests come,  
'Mid dark clouds towering fast,  
And lightnings, flashing in the night  
Are shivering every mast,  
The waves, like mountains high they rise  
And o'er the ship are tossed,  
Beneath them sinks the monarch's son  
And all his kingdom's lost!

#### III.

##### Fisherman.

"The vessel's sunk—my voice unheard,  
Was there no hand to save!  
But see! here comes a swimmer bold,  
Floating above the wave,  
The flood he strikes with sturdy arm,  
Nor seems the surge to fear,  
Upon his head's a golden crown  
Which none but kings do wear."

##### Youth.

"A monarch's son—my country lost,  
I stand here quite forlorn,  
The day's first light I saw 'twas when  
Of earthly mother born,—  
But this is now my second birth,  
My mother, the deep sea,  
Who rocked me in her giant arms,  
My brethren all and me.  
And while the rest have sunk below,  
She brought me to this strand;  
The kingdom she has given to me,  
I see in this wide land!"

#### IV.

##### Fisherman.

"What seekest thou, with hook and line,  
From early morn till night,  
Hast no reward for all thy care,  
Has no fish caught thy sight?"

##### Youth.

"Think not that I am angling here,  
I gazed far down below,  
And far beyond the angler's reach,  
Saw I much kingly show."

#### V.

"Boldly the royal lion stalks,  
His lofty mane he shakes,  
Resounding loud, his voice is heard,  
And rocks and forests wakes.  
But he beneath my stroke shall fall  
With spear in sturdy hand,  
His golden mantle o'er me flung,  
In lion's robes I'll stand,  
The kingly eagle moves aloft  
And wheels his joyous flight,  
He seeks on high a glorious crown,  
The sun, the orb of light,  
But even in those lofty clouds  
I'll stop his course so fleet,  
'Neath my winged arrow he shall fall,  
Prostrated at my feet."

#### VI.

A wild steed through the forest bounds,  
By bridle ne'er was led,

Of golden hue and flowing mane,  
Strikes fire at every tread;  
The royal youth pursues him fast,  
Till on his back he strides,  
And with proud breast and flowing tail,  
The neighing charger guides.  
Now all who in those vales live,  
Listen with quiet fear,  
And, see! around the mountain tops,  
The raging tempests near!  
The royal youth springs on the earth,  
In lion's robe attire,  
His courser shows a flowing mane,  
And from his feet pours fire.  
Around him flock the multitude,  
Rejoicing loud with song,  
All hail! this is our king at last!  
Whom we've awaited long.

## VII.

A high and craggy rock there stands,  
Around the eaglets fly,  
Yet none dare find a resting place  
Where dragon's seen to lie.  
Within those ancient walls he lies,  
Mounted with golden crest,  
His sealy frame he fearful shakes,  
Flame heaves forth from his breast.  
The bold youth without sword or shield  
That rocky height ascends,  
Around the monster flings his arm  
And o'er him fondly bends.  
Three kisses in that throat imprints,  
'Twas thus by magic bound,  
When lo! of what's most beautiful  
In every realm he's found!  
A splendid bride with diadem  
Beside his heart now lies,  
And from those reliques next he sees  
A kingly castle rise!

## VIII.

Now seated are the king and queen  
Their lofty throne upon,  
The throne glows like the morning light,  
The crown like rising sun.  
And many knights of stately pride  
With bright swords stand in sight,  
Attentively their eyes are bent  
Upon that throne of light.  
Leaning upon his harp, there stands  
A minstrel blind and old,  
Who feels the time has come at last  
Which he had long foretold.  
The dazzling light that round him shone  
A film from blind eyes drew,  
Ceaselessly gazing on that sight  
Which rose before his view.  
He took his harp and touched the chords,  
They sounded loud and long,  
It was, in light and happiness,  
The dying swan's last song.

## J. H.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BOHN'S new library publications, received by Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., include a second and concluding volume of the *Literal Translation of Plautus*, by Henry Thomas Riley, of Cambridge. We have before spoken of this as an idiomatic and readable version of this author for the general reader; its completeness, critical skill, and comments upon the text, render it as valuable to scholars. Plautus may be said to have been hitherto an inaccessible writer to the English reader, who may now, by means of this copy, make a very near approach to the humor and satire which once delighted a Roman audience.

A new division of Mr. Bohn's manifold series gives us, in the *Philological Library*, a new edition of *Tennemann's Manual of the History of Philosophy*, the former Oxford trans-

lation of Johnson, published by Talboys, now revised, enlarged, and brought down to the present day, by Morell. A short section on American writers, classifies Emerson as "a writer distinguished for his genius, cultivated mind, and elegant diction," though "hardly to be ranked as a systematic philosopher, belonging more correctly to the class of philosophical essayists, such as Montaigne. His metaphysical views, as expressed in his *Essay on the Over Soul*, seem strongly colored with idealistic Pantheism." After briefly mentioning Parker, Brisbane, and one or two others, including "an able expositor of the German Transcendental school, who has recently appeared in the person of Mr. Stallo," Mr. Morell, on this basis, throws in a general compliment:—"Thus the New World has formed its legitimate relationship with the intellectual progress of the Old; and the modern thinkers across the 'great waters' appear to be in no degree unworthy of their sires."

The new volume of *Miss Bremer's Works* in Bohn's well printed edition, contains *The President's Daughter* and *Nina*, the translation by Mary Howitt.

In the *Scientific Library* we have a volume of the republication of *The Bridgewater Treatises*, *Kidd's Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man*, one of the most popular and generally readable volumes of this celebrated series. The first edition of these books has been quite out of print, and Mr. Bohn is fulfilling the spirit of the testator's bequest in presenting them in their present inexpensive, yet elegant form.

H. C. Baird (Philadelphia) has just published several valuable scientific manuals of a practical character. Of these the most considerable is an elaborate volume, illustrated by more than two hundred engravings of machinery and processes, by Campbell Morritt, on that important branch of national industry *The Art of Leather Dressing*. It is based upon a translation of the French manual of Fontenelle and Malepeyre, with information obtained from the practical manufacturers of our own country. It is prefaced by a portrait of Zadock Pratt, who is known for many things, but for whose fame and fortunes there is "nothing like leather." The author also acknowledges his obligations to the Hon. J. C. G. Kennedy, Prof. J. C. Booth, Prof. L. D. Gale, and S. Sparhawk. A second scientific publication from Mr. Baird is a first American, from the third London edition, of *Rural Chemistry*, an introduction to the study of the science in its relation to agriculture and the arts of life, by Edward Solly—written in a clear, direct style, originally for a series of papers in the *Gardener's Chronicle*. It appears a valuable companion to the best books of its class. Three new volumes of Baird's "Practical Series," are *Walker's Electrotype Manipulations*, *Mortimer's Pyrotechnist's Companion*, a guide to the mysteries of this holiday art, with a more generally available *Complete Practical Brewer*, a copyright work by M. L. Byrn of New York. These volumes are well illustrated, convenient in size, and, what was formerly rare in such books, of a praiseworthy neatness and durability in type and paper.

*Poems, by Mattie Griffith*, is the title of a thin duodecimo from the Appletons, a collection mostly of blank verse, from the columns of the *Louisville Journal*, a newspaper beloved of the western muses. The

volume is dedicated to "the great people of Kentucky." One of the poems is addressed to "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart," with an invocation of relationship.

"My cousin, I have never seen thee—yet  
From childhood's early years my dearest  
thoughts

Have been so full of thee, I almost seem  
To know thee well. From thy high soul, my  
soul

Has caught its inspiration. I have felt  
My spirit rise exulting with thine own,  
To share the blessed sunbeam and the breeze."

After some other enthusiastic tributes of this kind, Mr. "Bullwig" is doubtfully complimented as

"A magician of strange power; thou canst  
Draw healing sweets from poisons; thou canst  
make

The darkest, deadliest passions wear the hues  
Of beauty and religion; all things, glassed  
Within thy fancy's mirror-wave, assume  
The holy tints of heaven."

*A Digest of English Grammar*, Synthetical and Analytical, classified and methodically arranged by L. T. Covell (Appleton & Co.), claims to be the result of eighteen years' experience in practical teaching, and of the careful study and examination of the "principal English grammars which have been issued, of which there are about four hundred." It sets forward no novelties in theory or practice, but presents some improvements in the arrangement of exercises and examples in connection with rules. In style it is clear and concise, making good its title of a digest, a good old word which we are glad to see used in connection with an educational treatise. It implies a process, preliminary to print, which some writers on these topics seem to regard as superfluous.

*Little Silverstring; or, Tales and Poems for the Young*, by William Oland Bourne, a volume from the press of Scribner, is made up of short stories, drawn from history, from every-day life, and ever pleasant fairy land, by a writer who displays in them a very happy and enviable gift of pleasing juvenile readers. The verses which are interspersed are equally agreeable, though some of them do not seem to have been originally designed for a juvenile audience.

*Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England* by Fred. L. Olmstead, (Putnam & Co.), is a second instalment of a work noticed at length in this journal on the appearance of the first (Lit. World, No. 265). It is a pleasant unpretending narrative of incidents met with in pedestrianising over England. The topics being much the same as those of the first part, there is no necessity for us to do more than reiterate the favorable opinion we expressed of that portion.

*Reception of Daniel Webster at Boston*, July 9, is a record in pamphlet form, of what is now consecrated as a memorable tribute to the great orator. It contains the incidents of the day, carefully preserved, with a correct copy of Mr. Webster's speech, whose last words to the citizens of Boston were, "under the Providence of God, the liberties of my country." This publication is from the press of Eastburn, Boston "city printer."

We are also indebted to the same friendly source for a *Report of the Trustees of the Public Library of the City of Boston*, July, 1852, the institution to which Mr. Joshua Bates of the firm of Baring Brothers, has just given a donation of books to the val-

of fifty thousand dollars. The plan of this library is a large civic free circulating library, to be well supplied with numerous copies of the best current literature, and accessible to all on the most general conditions, compatible with a proper use of its stores. The report is well written and will doubtless furnish a precedent for numerous similar undertakings through the country. A moderate support is drawn from the city treasury, while the rest is left "to the public spirit and liberality of individuals."

Two Discourses, delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, September 26, 1852, by George E. Ellis, treat in an interesting manner of the history and motives of *The Organ and Church Music*. They are published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The new Philadelphia Edition (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.), of the *Waverley* novels, has reached parts 9 and 10, with the Monastery and the Abbott.

*Harpers' Magazine* for November is well made up with a large proportion of original matter, among which is a well illustrated paper on Mount Lebanon by Jacob Abbott, two attractive papers on sufficiently picturesque themes, the Palaces of France, and the City Life of Paris, an instructive homily on certain of the moralities of progress, the conclusion of the capital gossiping, anecdotal "Old Gentleman's Letter." The magazine shows a capital hand, in liberality and enterprise, and is probably less dependent upon its foreign selected matter than upon its original articles.

*Blackwood* for October (Scott & Co.) contains the somewhat rasping summary of Jeffrey's abilities, upon whose memory the old wrongs of the *Edinburgh Review* are now being amply avenged, with a scholar's review of Guizot's *Corneille* and *Shakspeare*, a résumé of Werne's African Journey to Mandera, the old staple of Bulwer's "Novel," and a brief notice of the Duke of Wellington.

The *Art-Journal* for October contains an engraving of a statue.—The Faithful Messenger, by S. Geefs, of Antwerp, a beautiful half-draped female figure, feeding and fondling a pigeon, perched on her shoulder, and drinking from a little vase she presents to him. The Vernon Gallery illustrations are a "Tired Soldier" slaking his thirst with a draught which a sympathizing maiden has just drawn from a well. An old farmer is watering his horse from the bucket, an old woman, a little girl, and a dog, the usual artistic adjunct of a "broken soldier" complete the group. The other plate is a Stothard, in which we have "Cupid Bound" by some very dumpy damsels. It is an unfortunate example of an usually charming artist. The number also contains some admirable woodcuts from the works of Le Sueur.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

An abstract of an important article for the Continent of Europe, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—from Mr. Walsh's Paris Correspondence, in the *Journal of Commerce*—on that ubiquitous topic, "Uncle Tom":—

"The day before yesterday, I asked for a copy at Galignani's bookstore, and was told by the chief salesman that not one remained, of several hundred, and that the same number (the shilling edition) had been ordered from London. A French version is nearly completed. Nobody will take the South Carolina antidote, *Aunt Hester's Cabin*. Emile Montegut, the translator

of Emerson, has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a creditable article of thirty two pages, on Mrs. Stowe's book. His general preliminary observations proceed from sound practical judgment, philosophical reflection, and manly candor. He contemplates the negro slavery in the United States—the three millions of the colored race—as a gigantic *fact* which cannot be fairly or usefully dealt with on abstract principles and under the influence of sentimentalism. He does not conceive its abolition, except by natural and social circumstances of gradual operation. Christianity begets disquietude, tenderness, irritability or agony of conscience, which was unknown to heathenism, in ethical or religious questions. Hence, though tardy, when Christian supineness was at length startled and alarmed,—the first agitation of individuals, and then the public outcry, respecting the slave trade, which forced the British government to undertake its suppression. Afterwards, slavery in the British colonial dependencies disappeared under the like constraint. Tracts, pamphlets, books, philanthropic romances and tales, of the same cast and purport as Mrs. Stowe's novel, were showered on the world by religious sects and pious volunteers in the crusade. They scattered every where, numberless pictures of negro suffering in every possible circumstance of bondage. All this served, like Uncle Tom's Cabin, as stubble to kindle a temporary blaze and rouse the timorous and the fanatical votaries of the holy and higher law. The nervous sensibility and the *impressionable* imagination of women, and their consciousness of peculiar influence over society, inspired them particularly with a fervid and ingenuous devotion to the ends of the Abolitionists.

"M. Montegut gives a sufficient abstract of the characters, scenes, and incidents of Mrs. Stowe's production. He finds in it no artificial literary merits nor indication of uncommon talents, but a strong interest arising from graphic sincerity and simple recital, and from the subject above all, which has been revived and enlarged in America by *free-soilism*, and party politics inately sectional. The volume, he says, falling in the midst of domestic dissensions, is oil on the fire: 'it will do more to ripen the question, and prejudice the cause of slavery, than all the abolition speeches in Congress, all the tactics of Mr. Seward and Mr. Hale—all the hatred of the Abolitionists for the South, and all the discretion of Mr. Webster.' Uncle Tom's Cabin is about to be published in Leipsic, and, according to the announcement,—its success in Germany is likely to equal its American and English triumphs. You will see that a sort of sequel has appeared in London, *Uncle Tom in England*, and that pains are taken to recommend and circulate the *Three Years in Europe*, by W. W. Brown, a fugitive slave, as a personal narrative of early bondage, serviceable in sustaining the strong anti-slavery feeling of Englishmen. The Pharisees of the London press have forgotten the disclosures in the reports to the *Morning Chronicle* on Labor and the poor in England, and overlook the London City Missionary's 'Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission in the Dens of the Metropolis'—beggarling all abolitionist truth or fiction."

— A school-boy reminiscence of the author of "the Ingoldsby Legends," with a new suggestion of the authorship of *Bombastes Furioso*, addressed to a curious London periodical:—

"As the object of the *Notes and Queries*, is to remove, and not to cause or perpetuate, errors, I trust your correspondent, W. L. Jewitt, will pardon me if I suggest to him that the late Mr. Barham's name was not Thomas, although it is *Thomas Ingoldsby*, but Richard Harris Barham. There can be no mistake in this, on my part, for I knew him well at school. It may be new to many of

your readers to add, what there seems to me to be little doubt of, that, if not wholly the author, he at least had a very great share in writing the popular afterpiece of *Bombastes Furioso*. My reason for saying this is, that there are allusions in it to school matters which could have been given by no one but himself. Two lines I have often heard him there repeat; a phrase at the end was in perpetual use with him; Fusbos was his own *nom-de-guerre* at school, and no one, who was not in the secret, would ever hit upon its etymology; while Artaxomines seems intended for an intimate school friend, whose life terminated very early, and, I fear, under circumstances of so distressing a nature that in reply to inquiries, Mr. Barham would say nothing. If this be true, *Bombastes* was the work of a schoolboy; and, wonderful as such a thing might be, it was not surprising for one who possessed so extraordinary a facility of composition as Mr. Barham. If my recollection does not deceive me, he avowed himself to be the author in the course of his first journey with me to the University; but, having little to do with London or theatrical affairs, I had never heard of the piece, and paid little attention to the avowal, though circumstances have since recalled it to my recollection. Why he should not claim it for his own I do not know, unless he thought such a piece of authorship would be *clerically* against him. That he could write anonymously the *Ingoldsby Legends* may prove. In saying thus much, it is not unknown to me that the authorship of *Bombastes Furioso* has been ascribed to others. Those gentlemen will forgive me if their names have slipped out of my recollection; more especially as I am not aware that any one of the number has personally ventured to claim it for himself, which seems wonderful considering the popularity of the composition. I give you, Mr. Editor, what seems to me to be sufficient reasons for thinking I have named the true author, and of these the public may judge."—

— Hogarth's Enraged Musician might be got up, just now, in New York, with admirable effect. One day last week would have supplied these novel accessories for the picture:—

An immense crowd of people had collected at each of the stations, and at Chambers street there could not have been less than several thousand people who rent the air with their cheers. About the time the train came in, several military companies came by, and a fire occurring in the neighborhood, some fifteen or twenty engines and hose carriages came rushing to the scene. At the same time a rumor prevailed that the *Crescent City* was coming up, and the Committee appointed for the purpose, immediately fired signal guns, as agreed upon at the meeting on Saturday night. Altogether, the "noise and confusion" were incomparable. Taking advantage of it, General SCOTT entered a carriage with his friends and drove to the Astor House before the crowd knew he had left the car. The excitement and crowd continued in the neighborhood of the station for a long time.

— And in the same paper:—

The firing of the guns in the bay yesterday, was from Messrs. HALL & RABINEAU's bath, which was being towed to its winter-quarters at Greenwood, Gowanus Bay. Many persons thought that it was the signal-guns announcing the arrival of the *Crescent City*, and quite a crowd collected upon the Battery. The excitement continued throughout the afternoon.

— A few verses from the *Dublin University Magazine*, a song of mixed mirth and

melancholy, from the Student life of Germany:—

"Brothers! when the sand is waning  
In life's hour-glass, faint and low;  
When no more the bright bowl draining,  
To my last long home I go,

"But one care from your love I'll borrow,  
Without the pomp of vain parade;  
In some green spot afar from sorrow,  
See your old companion laid.

"And let the bier on which you bear him  
Be formed from some old wine-cask's wood,  
And place the crystal goblet near him,  
From which he quaffed life's ruby flood.

"Let him not rest in earth's damp bosom,  
But 'neath some clustering purple vine;  
No tree should o'er his relics blossom,  
Save that which yielded sparkling wine.

"When, man by man, you sadly follow,  
Old friends on earth, for the last time,  
'Stead of the death-bell's tolling hollow,  
The goblet's music be his chime.

"And o'er his tomb be then inscribed  
A story which shall only tell:—  
'When this man lived, he laughed, imbibed,  
And now, life's banquet o'er, sleeps well!'

— The spirited correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, revives the memory of a neglected Author, with a capital anecdote of "The Duke's" battle-fields.

"The most just, because most discriminating yet the most impassioned and captivating of all the Duke's encomiasts is not only an Irishman, but a Tipperary man—the modern Thucydides, the historian of the *Peninsular war*, Sir W. Napier; and at the present moment the books of all others about the Duke, which the million are most running after, are poor Milesian Maxwell's, author of the *Wild Sports of the West*, and himself the wildest sport of fortune ever pursued by destiny in the shape of a sheriff's officer, who seems to have hunted him from the cradle to the grave, or rather to the coffin, whence his remains were attempted to be taken; but as the captain could never be made to shell out in life, it was found impossible to get him out of the shell in death; and so the odd fish was interred deep "by the sea shore whereon he loved to dwell." Besides what he published in all sorts of shapes and channels, of the Duke, he is said to have left a large quantity of "materials" behind him, which are now being dressed up by Old Soldiers of the "Line," and will rank with any on file concerning the immortal F.M. None told more telling tales of the great commander, but they are untellable in print, from the impossibility of communicating the manner, the look, the brogue, and bearing of the narrator, who almost equalled his friend and compatriot, Lover, in the raciness of his recitations. One of the most admired anecdotes of this class, but chiefly from his mode of telling it, was to the effect that during the siege of Burgos, one of the Irish regiments, which was supposed not to have behaved with its accustomed daring, greatly to the displeasure of Wellington, asked for the privilege of leading the assault next day, so as to wipe out the anger of their commander, which they felt to be undeserved. The request was complied with, and the Hibernians stormed the walls with unparalleled fury, but were nearly all cut to pieces. Riding over the ground soon after, the Duke (then Sir Arthur) came to a heap of slain and wounded, where the enemy's guns had done most execution. 'Arrah, may be yer satisfied now, you hooky-nosed vagabone!' exclaimed one of the cut up bog-trotters, who had both his legs shot off, and thinking he was stumped up for the

future it didn't much matter on what footing he stood for the present. However, he was mistaken; the general smiled: sent a surgeon; and the man lived to record the event in Chelsea Hospital till within a few years ago."

— One of the last of the famous F. M.'s,

"Some time ago a gentleman sent the Duke of Wellington, the following letter:

"' May it please your Grace, I have taken the liberty of requesting your opinion. Was Napoleon guilty or not of the murder of his prisoners at Jaffa, and is there any military law or circumstance which would justify the deed? Yours respectfully. J. H.'

He received the following reply:

"' F. M. The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H., he has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs leave to inform him he is not the historian of the wars of the French Republic in Egypt and Syria.'

— A glimpse of the quaint Celestials at San Francisco, in a letter to the editor of the *Morriston Jerseyman* from his son:—

"The 'Celestials,' although quiet toward their Yankee neighbors, are continually in difficulty among themselves, and to set our swarthy friends right, gives our Justices much trouble. There are about 20,000 of these forlorn specimens of humanity on our borders, of whom not more than 50 are females! There has been for a few years past a Chinaman of distinction living here, who seems to look after his countrymen, and rules them pretty much after the oriental style; lately he had opposition, and our new Mandarin drew off many of Ahi's flock. This excited the ire of Mr. Ahi, who immediately issued a proclamation offering \$800 for the body of Sin Chu, dead or alive. Sin Chu believing his 'tail' to be in danger, with all speed made known his grievance to the Recorder, who ordered Ahi to appear before him. Swearing (judicially) is a matter of some moment with the Chinese, and is conducted in a different manner from what it is with us. The deponent stands up before the Court, and lighting a piece of yellow paper, holds it in his fingers until it is consumed, mentally ejaculating a prayer in the meanwhile. The Recorder warned Ahi of his being in America, and somewhat beyond the influence of the 'brother of the sun,' and inflicted a fine upon him. It appeared the good counsel of the Recorder was of no effect, for shortly after Ahi again proclaimed that the natives of the flowery empire were to pay to him an annual tax—that the ladies were to slide over the sum of \$80 quarterly, were to be more circumspect in their behavior, not to receive the embraces of any 'outside barbarians,' and especially the Yankees. The penalty was the loss of the 'tails' of the men, and heads of the women. 'Little China' was in an uproar, but the edict was never enforced, and Ahi finds his glory has indeed departed, for the men snap their fingers under his nose, and the 'ladies' smile on their barbarian gallants as in days gone by."

— Kossuth, it would seem, has made a very indifferent investment of the contributions of his American friends, if we may receive as correct the following statement of the *Boston Commonwealth*:—

"We take this opportunity of stating, from positive knowledge, that of the \$90,000 or \$100,000 which Kossuth collected in this country, hardly a dollar crossed the Atlantic with him. He expended it in this country in purchasing and making munitions of war, by the manufacture of which he gave employment to a large number of his destitute countrymen. He had for months nearly a hundred of them employed in making cartridges alone. He expended it also in carrying on a most extensive and costly correspondence with his agents in Europe, transmitting, of

course, his letters by private messengers, who went at the risk of their lives, and had to be paid proportionably, and who of course, had to be amply furnished with money for emergencies. Every letter which Kossuth sent to Hungary cost him on an average \$500. The money that he raised here was of course absorbed by these expenditures, and with it, as we know, was spent a considerable sum belonging to his wife, which her relatives in Hungary sent to her for her own use, but which she gave to her husband for his cause.

"Kossuth left America penniless and in debt, as in 1849 he left Hungary, after two years' administration of the treasury of that rich kingdom."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

v.

##### FROM QUEBEC TO THE SAGUENAY.

We were beating slowly down the St. Lawrence with a head wind, when we went below, on the evening of the 8th of June. Soon after, it became very dark, the breeze increasing to a gale. It was the beginning of one of those tempestuous northeasters from the cold and rainy gulf. Our little vessel was now rolling and bounding in a way not very pleasant to poor landsmen like ourselves. The wind whistled loudly in the rigging, and sowed the rain thickly on the deck. From the footsteps and voices above, it was plain that Captain Boniface and Dan were having a busy night of it. How near at hand was that iron shore, or where was a certain reef which chops up the great river into furious breakers to the distance of seven or eight miles out from the Saguenay Cape, we had nothing better than our fears and excited fancies to inform us. To fall upon either would be shipwreck to a certainty. An incident occurred in the earlier part of the night not very well fitted to inspire us with entire confidence in our young sailing-master. He sprang down into the dark cabin, all dripping with rain, trampling upon us, L. and myself, as we lay in our blankets upon the floor—opened hastily the door of a small locker—struck a light, and at once began striking and shaking something which from its rattling might have been an old-fashioned tin lantern. In another moment Captain Girard was silent. He was looking at his compass—"Bon," said he, the first word he spoke—"Bon,—very well—all right—I go first rate"—and out he bounded, leaving us with the help of the startled ladies to solve the mystery of this odd manœuvre. Within ten minutes, the little fellow came and looked in upon us with a voice of good tidings. The end of a candle he had left burning showed his bright eyes and ruddy round face, wet with the storm, all beaming with delight and excitement. "No danger," said he, with his glib French tongue—"I go ahead—I come round the reef—I get you in the Saguenay before morning—no danger." There was danger. We were hard upon the reef. And for a few minutes, until the hasty look at the compass, as described, set him right, Boniface was lost. But he proved himself a capital sailor and a good pilot. We did go ahead through storm and darkness—doubled the perilous reef, and were awakened, at about two in the morning, from a light sleep by the captain's pleasant voice, "All safe—in the Saguenay." In fact we were safe alongside the wharf where we found ourselves at daylight.

The prospect, however, was decidedly

gloomy. It was the morning of a terrible day. The rain fell in streams. The spirit of the storm was fully up, bringing down the roaring blasts of March sharpened on the icebergs. We lay and listened, and let the melancholy hours pass from four till six and after. This was *pleasure*. At length, I rose, and looked out as well as I could with the rain driving into my face. It looked like Greenland. *Greenland!* Anything else than green. Thunderheads hardened and grown brown seemed piled around us. And so this was pleasure. Well, it was. Outside there was raging a terrible gale of thirty-six hours. We had escaped all but the first of it with the skin of our teeth. We were some miles up a quiet river in a good port, and with letters which would not fail to secure us all needful hospitality. And besides, it would not rain and blow for ever. That calm which comes after every storm was before us. That sunshine which succeeds all shadows was also before us. We reasoned correctly. The calm came, the sunshine shone, but, as you have already gathered, not that day, the 9th of June.

In the course of the morning, Captain Girard delivered our letters, which soon brought to our relief Mr. David Price, an elder son of Mr. Wm. Price (not Daniel, as was printed in my last), and Mr. Joseph Radford, the agent of the establishment. Scarcely half an hour was necessary to place us all in the agent's dwelling, a neat cottage with every sign of good housekeeping. By the time breakfast was ready, we were ready for breakfast, and our ladies looking cheerful as ever. During breakfast, which was a fine one, and excellently served, our experience from Quebec was told, and our future plans unfolded and discussed. Our prospects for salmon-sport were poor in the last degree. The cold storm kept them back in the deep water, and rendered it impossible to cast the fly. Fishing, therefore, even for trout—sea-trout—must be exchanged for hunting—not the deer or cariboo, but the picturesque. Hunting is hardly the word to use. It implies the search of something, the whereabouts of which is uncertain. There was no uncertainty about points of the picturesque there. For the wild and the grand are the *rule* there, and the tame the *exception*. Grandeur is in piles around you. Awful beauty has so vast a front that it is visible on every hand. "Peeping out into the mingled storm," we saw some of nature's most strongly marked and terrific features, more terrific from the power of the storm.

Seldom, however, had either of us ever felt more heartily the bliss of hospitality. It was so warm and genuine, we seemed so utterly welcome, that it was pleasure enough simply to be quiet. Our happiness was to sit still, so we sat still. But how the tempest flew! It brought showers, not of rain merely, but of scales from surrounding crags, and flung them like shot against the windows. It howled and roared, and shook the house. Still, it could not shake us from the repose into which the kindness of the household had lulled us. We were symbols of calm: more quiet than if a sweet and solemn twilight had reigned without: quiet and gentle as convalescents. There were guns on hooks, costly English fowling-pieces in cases—here a deer's head and antlers, there the grey face of a cariboo—horns and skins—skins of creatures from the mountains and from the deep—horns like branches, horns

smooth and delicate as thorns—snow-shoes for the deep white months, and tackle for the supple trout and the golden-fleshed salmon—rods from London—birds from the billows and the heavens—books and pictorials from the cities—flowers from the south. All these were looked at, and handled—walked, and talked and wondered, and warmed at the stove—gazed through the dripping glass—turned the leaves of books without reading them—penned a little in our journals, and lived away the day till dinner, when we banqueted on the precious part of a twelve-pound fresh salmon. During all these rough or gentle hours, as you may please to name them, the *Marie Cyrene* was fretting at the wharf below.

And now let me describe to you more particularly where we were. We were at L'Anse-a-l-eau, a lumber-port of Mr. Price's, a few miles up on the northern shore of the Saguenay. Standing upon the steps of the agent's cottage, you would be struck with the peculiarity of the scene. I have never beheld anything at all like it. The small side-hill lawn, at the upper edge of which is the dwelling, may be likened to a green velvet cushion laid down among prodigious crags. Like huge stone billows, they surround the sweet little region of fresh grass, and carry the eye with a clean flight into the blue sky, the white clouds apparently just behind their summits. At the foot of the slope, distant a rifle-shot, is a bay, the size of a common mill-pond, opening out gracefully into the main water, and skirted on the right hand by a substantial wharf, a large steam saw-mill and various buildings, a little in the style of the Chinese about the roof, a rare bit for Durand, Church and Cropsey, and other of our first-rate landscape artists. The truly picturesque character of this nest of buildings is heightened by the colors of England floating aloft in the solitary air. The mind, I discover, is loth to leave this silken pocket, lost there by Nature in one of her "gayer hours" among the lonesome rocks. Fancy runs back to it, when I break away, with a delight kindred to the hunter's, when he turns back on his snow-shoes, cold and weary from the chase of the brown cariboo, over the glistening drifts, the winter drapery of neighboring cliffs and crags. But now look away easterly, southeasterly, through that savage gorge with all and much more than the rugged grandeur of the great White Mountain Notch. On the south side there are walls and piles of hideous rock; on the north only rounded piles. This is the mile-wide gateway of the melancholy Saguenay moving out of the dismal solitary halls of its mountain castle into the mighty St. Lawrence. Without the gate you behold it firing a salute of breakers as it passes on the reef. The old cape, hero of countless wintry storms, to the imagination, uncovers his serene adamant, while the opposite St. Lawrence shore, across an expanse of twenty miles, seems smiling in its sleep.

And now that I have told you where we were, I will tell you where we went. But this I will reserve for my next.

L. L. N.

#### PHASES.

PERHAPS, then, said I with savage glee, the prospect of starving will force me to express that which has so long been voiceless within me.

Then I shall not in vain have plodded over solitary shores, or traversed the dusty streets of cities; neither in vain my years of anguish, my epochs of joy. Then shall I from some country nook or high city attic, by what I say, touch the heart of some suffering silent soul, and add another note to

"The still sad music of humanity."

She will know that the tide of her blood runs in the great ocean of Humanity.

The story of Humanity! it is not in books, not in individual life; it will be a tale in the archives of Eternity;—and through the infinite phases of hereafter, what a tear-stained remembrance!

—It is night. The autumn winds howl loudly over the sea. I hear the waves dash on the shore with sullen, angry force. I open my window, clouds of vapor roll in; the room is filled with acrid odors. I lean against the lintel and gaze without; amid the sounds and sights, comes that overpowering feeling which sobs in my heart and is again answered by all I hear and see. Dimly I feel the "central calm." The unity in the forces of nature, the fixed identity of the soul, are the ideas which balance us through all the play of the sensibilities—all the surprises of apparent change.

When I was a child, to me the sea was a vast pathway to strange mysterious countries, an expanse whereon vessels sailed—upon whose decks I might ride, exulting in the bounding motion of the blue waves; a field, round whose margin I waded for shells, or upon whose surface I scaled pebbles. Now the sea which eternally beats on those yellow sands near my dwelling, and tides with gurgling noises in and out the hollows of the gray rocks, which surges with unceasing roar on distant beaches—it is the voice of my soul, and whether present or absent, I know it is wailing, mourning, for ever. But my friend H—, when she visits me, trembles in the presence of the sea; she looks into its cold depths shudderingly, and cries, "Alas! thy buried treasures and mine!" She flies from it and me, and hastens to her lonely house; there she waits, there she weeps and prays.

—The voices of nature again! They are the chorus of humanity. Even do they chant their sympathetic song: only dissonant souls, through perceiving their endless divisions, fail to hear and feel the great harmony. If man would leave man oftener; if he would seek rocky promontories, the centre of deep forests, or haunt the borders of inland lakes, or sit down at the bases of high mountains, would he scowl and sneer and blaspheme as now?

As I have thought, the expression of humanity lies in hereafter—we but lay hold on fragments—on its beginnings and endings, its tragedies, griefs, and despairs. He who knows most of humanity, is he who *feels* the most, but he cannot judge thus of himself. When we are no longer human we shall know humanity. Let us therefore be patient, waiting at the gates of knowledge until death opens them.

—The woods, too! I love the solemn woods. When I was a child I had vague fears of snakes therein, of wonderful bugs running under the damp dead leaves, of strange men crashing down the boughs, glaring at me with fierce eyes. I listened with pleasant affright to the mysterious woodland sounds, now swelling softly loud, now dying, dying far away. Now when I stand in their depths, my soul moves outward and upward;

it bends and sways with the lofty trees; with deep delight I sigh as I hear the soughing of the wind through the pines. I look up to the serene sky, or watch majestic white clouds sailing across the upper deep; solemn and tender thoughts of watchful spirits fill my heart. And I would that the vast pageants and processions of humanity were threading the leafy passes of the primeval forests, instead of progressing in society, or tramping through tumultuous highways to the clang of trumpets and the boom of drums.

I like to read of those old "Covenanters" who made solemn agreement to worship God together. When the days of persecution came, they sought the woods and caves and glens, amid the murmurs of water-falls on mossy stones; in green bowers they prayed, and the breezes of night wafted heavenward their songs of praise.

—Midnight again—so soon? Deep silence has fallen over the earth, the beating heart of Life is stilled in slumber. Like phantoms, the clouds of sea-mist still roll in through my windows. Fast crowding up in remembrance comes my dark and mournful past. I am near the graves of my loved ones, sweet human loves, entombed in earth and heart. I heard the last dying murmur of their dear voices—I received the farewell glance of their loving eyes—I saw them borne away from our dwelling, and my heart has never returned from the sound of the closing doors as they shut them out for ever.

Thus I am alone; the fire of life burns dimly.

G. D. B.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND THE READERS OF BOOKS.

[A leader of the *London Times*, Sept. 4.]

The opening of the new Free Public Library at Manchester, celebrated as it was by the ennobling presence and eloquent addresses of so many distinguished men, is one of those occasions of which it is easy, and therefore common, to speak with a degree of dispraise. The first impression of the day is that it was a rather ostentatious and full-blown specimen of that immense force with which it is usually found necessary to press literature on the attention of the mass of mankind. Shaftesbury, Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Stephens, Milnes, and Bright, besides the lesser stars who are numbered and not reported simply for want of room in our columns, only indicate the quantity of power required to do the work of the day; and the more the great engine steamed and toiled, the harder we may see was the work to be done. Well, be it so. These vulgar first impressions, on which some minds rest with such entire satisfaction, and which they never attempt to improve upon, may not be wholly wrong. Indeed, it is a lamentable fact, that literature does demand all the force, all the stimulus, all the sweetening, all the glorifying, all the baits and bribes that we can attach to it by all the arts and tricks in our power. The truth is too old and too familiar to be denied. Splendid colleges, comfortable fellowships, good livings, rich stalls, in fact a golden chain extending from the garret of the sizar to the footsteps of the Throne, are, and always have been, found necessary to encourage that particular department of learning which treats of the highest verities and the most abiding benefits. The forcing power of our two Universities alone, without reckoning the higher inducements in the scholar's progress, is esti-

mated at £1,000 for every man sent out with a Master's degree. Then there are honors, titles, privileges, and splendid lists, linking the name of the last freshman with the great worthies of the land, and, through them, with the marvels of past times. The student cannot take his dinner, without being surrounded by the pictures of great men, inviting him to take his place among them. He cannot go to church but his youthful imagination is fired with pompous processions and magnificent apparel. To return nearer to our starting point, if he wants a book to beguile an hour or remove a difficulty, he is ushered into a splendid library, containing perhaps 30,000 volumes for the 100 resident members of the college, of whom three-quarters never enter the library. All this abundance of opportunity and temptation is found necessary at Oxford and Cambridge. It does not argue, then, any such hopeless aggregate of difficulty to be surmounted, that half a dozen honored legislators and popular writers were gathered to recommend a new library to the artizans and people of Manchester.

The use of so much effort may not be complimentary, and such speeches as that of the Cambridge Professor of Modern History may provoke, by contrast, some sneers at the general line of reading to be taken by the Manchester operative; but the contrast is universal and the effort is unavoidable. There is not a library in this kingdom where an eloquent expounder of its contents and guide to its chief treasures would not have full occasion for his powers; but the owners in general are easelhardened against such appeals. To the man of moderate leisure and means the whole region of literature is open, and one hour a-day spent on good authors will easily bring a man up to the ideal mark assumed in the Manchester speeches. But then some effort is necessary. There must be some vivacity and ardour; there must be some admiration of great men and great things and great thoughts; there must be an exciting interest in the great questions that have divided the world; and there must be a continual desire to rise above mean and trifling topics. The man, however, who is so fortunate as to have these requisites will also have to apply the impulse of his better moments and the guidance of his better thoughts to overcome the deadweight of indolence and the distractions of vulgarity. We may accept, then, in the opening of this library at Manchester only a too true picture of the sort of struggle every man has to undergo before he reads to much advantage. This is not peculiar to free libraries or the reading of artizans. Everywhere there is, on the one hand, the idle, desultory, trifling, aimless, and oblivious reader, and, on the other, there is the occasional spark of a generous curiosity, a passing train of noble thought, or the momentary resolution to be a scholar, an historian, a philosopher, or a divine. So long as this is the case with every individual mind, we see nothing to provoke a smile in the spectacle of Sir James Stephens ringing in the ears of his hardworking audience—for we must suppose it to be such—the names of the great philosophers, statesmen, poets, and martyrs that Cambridge has given to the world, and describing the intimate and necessary relation between the University of abstract science and the metropolis of practical art. Do not tell us that the tired artizan, if he ever enters the free library, will only

take up some foolish novel or some low periodical; or that if he attempts to read history or poetry he will never be able to fix his attention, and will forget as fast as he reads. It is likely enough; but unfortunately the objection holds equally good against all readers, all libraries, and literature altogether.

In the working of public libraries we can expect no other results than what we already obtain from the cheapness and abundance of books in private hands. Most will read merely to pass the time, and if in so doing they can forget a few cares, and go to bed rather calmer and happier, they will be no losers by their book, whatever it may be. Some will read and puzzle much to very little purpose, as they now do, with books of their own. Among many hundreds there will be here and there a mind of uncommon ardour, industry, or genius, which will make the public library its own, and tell its utility, perhaps, to ages to come. Centuries hence the room which the other day was adorned with the presence of our chief living writers and our noble philanthropists may be ornamented, like our old college halls, with the portraits and busts of great men who there acquired their first ardour for science or first impulse of patriotism, or first taste for the beautiful. Such men are, and ever must be, few amongst many. No institutions, no contrivance, no expenditure can multiply this sacred crop. Nor is that expected. All that is designed and hoped by public libraries, and the eloquence of their distinguished advocates in this instance, is some addition to the opportunities already possessed by the mass of the people. It is something, too, to give literature a public, a national, and a noble position; to show it the business of all, a duty of the State, and an ornament of the realm.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRYAN GALLERY.  
SECOND NOTICE.

The Bryan Gallery contains some excellent specimens of the early German school, among which the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by John Hemling, is especially to be commended for the beauty and expression of the personages introduced, and the finish, characteristic of the school, of its minutest details. Two small landscapes belonging to the same period are well worthy of study. The figures, several of which are introduced in each, seem occupied in some transactions of ordinary life, instead, as is almost universal in early landscapes, of representing some scene of Bible history. Coming down to a later period we have one of Cranach's attenuated beauties and Durer's grotesque knights. Close to these hangs a small head by Denner, every hair and wrinkle in which is finished with that microscopic fidelity which is characteristic of all his works and forms the basis of his reputation.

The representation of the Flemish and Dutch schools in this Art Congress is large and valuable. A noble painting of a man struggling with a lion, is one of the first which strikes the attention on entering the room, and well it may, for it is of life size, and so brilliant in color and spirited in drawing that we are not inclined to dispute the dictum of the catalogue which assigns it to Rubens. A fine portrait and six other paintings are also set down to this master. His pupil, Van Dyke, has a courtly head of a princess, portrait of Charles I., and a Crucifixion.

fixion. A noble portrait is set down to Rembrandt.

Among the humorous Dutch masters we have several paintings by Teniers, of out and in-door tavern carousing, with the awkward dancers so stereotyped on everybody's memory by innumerable copies and engravings, a strange Scriptural picture, in which we have one of the same boors, cap-in-hand before a somewhat orientalized Dutch burgomaster, seated on a chair in a modern street with a few bystanders, the group purporting to represent the parable of the laborers in the vineyard. Isaac Van Ostade has a school, with numerous scholars, who look like grown-up men and women, crouching over slates and spelling-books, a class being drawn up before the master, who holds the instrument known as a pancake direfully suspended over the shrinking palm of a delinquent. Adrian Van Ostade has his wife and child, the latter a demure oldish-looking baby such as Dutch painters, if not Dutch mothers, delight in. There is a large picture by Jan Steen, the interior of a handsome room in which a family of well-dressed people (purporting to be the painter and his kith and kin) are looking on with great delight, while a lady is being bled in the arm. A group of smoking boors by Bega, is also excellent.

Among several very fine landscapes, we may mention a winter scene, with skaters, and some admirably painted buildings on the bank in the background, by Beerstratten, several by Both and Cuyp, a striking view of a wide and perfectly level plain by Ruysdael, a fine sea view by Van Der Velde with noble ships, and others. We should also mention a view of the interior of a cathedral by Peter Neefs, a capital example of the artist's well-known specialité.

In the French room we find three or four exquisite heads by Grenze, one of the few thoroughly natural men *la grande nation* has ever produced; two musicians, with oaten reed and bagpipes, a genuine Watteau, a large and beautifully finished allegorical design for the ceiling of a hall by Prudhon, two ladies playing the pastoral in full dress, one with powdered hair, by Largilière, which the readers of Houssaye will enjoy; a portrait of a lady by Mignard, and Diana of Poitiers as Judith, painted by Freminet in the stiff style of his and her time.

Among the seven pictures forming the slight representation of the Spanish school, a full length David with Goliath's Head, a full length portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velasquez, and the head of a monk by Murillo, are admirable.

Hogarth, West, Schall's beautiful Water Nymph, and the two generations of the Vernetts, brings us down to modern times, Horace Vernet's Napoleon (*e pluribus unum*), a capital little picture from Louis Philippe's study, a Neuilly, completing Mr. Bryan's six centuries of painting. He may well be proud of his achievement in collectorship.

Professor Sattler opened, on Monday last, a collection of Dioramas, fully equal in merit to the admirable Cosmorama with which the New York public have been for some time familiar. They are some half dozen in number, and represent a marine view with a bold rocky headland, a "castled crag" on the Rhine or Danube, a view of the Pyramids from the opposite bank of the river, and a view of Niagara. These pictures, which are of large size, undergo successive atmospheric

changes, and appear under various aspects of sun and moonlight. They are exquisitely painted and the changes we have mentioned are produced with magical effect. In one view we have a change from summer to winter, a placid river congealing, skaters taking the place of a boating party, verdant banks robbing in snow, foliage stripped from trees, leaving leafless branches against the sullen sky. Another scene represents the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Brilliant noon gives place to twilight, and that in turn to night, when the darkness is suddenly dispelled by an illumination, discovering a congregation, hitherto unseen, occupied in devotion.

The closing picture is a view of the Garden of Gethsemane, with Jerusalem in the distance. It is a beautiful painting, but is marred by an attempt at a dramatic representation of the solemn scenes of the Passion.

We trust a long succession of large audiences will reward the labor and ability so largely displayed in this exhibition. Professor Sattler makes no noisy appeals for public support, but seems to wish to conduct his exhibition as well as paint his pictures, as an artist, and not as a clap-trap showman. We hope the public will prove, to their credit, and his satisfaction, that a noisy system of advertising puffery is not a *sine qua non* of success.

#### MUSIC.

**MAD. SONTAG.**—This lady's concerts in Philadelphia continue to be eminently successful. More brilliant audiences, the papers of that city say, have never assembled within the walls of the Musical Fund Hall. The impression she has made has been decidedly favorable. She is conceded on all hands to be an artist of the very highest order, with a voice of exquisite melody. Its cultivation is wonderful, and but that the fact is known, it would be almost impossible to believe that the fair songstress charmed the ears of thousands in the Old World more than a quarter of a century ago. She is still remarkably fine looking and those who heard her in her earlier days, assure us that they can see little if any change for the worse in her vocal powers. Her style is eminently captivating, while her graceful and pleasing manner contributes very materially to the effect.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### AMERICAN.

**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AGENCIES.**—We observe with pleasure the facilities now being offered to increase the sale generally of American books in Great Britain, through the extensive business arrangements of our old friends, Messrs. SAMPSON Low, Son, and Bogue, of London, who have formed a co-partnership expressly for this branch of business; and, it will be conceded both here and in London, will take rank as a first rate house. Mr. Bogue is well known as the publisher of some of the most exquisite and valuable books in the London market, as, to wit: "Christmas with the Poets," the artistic editions of "Thomson's Seasons," "Milton," &c.; "Rembrandt and his Works," all of Mr. Burnet's books on Art, and "Turner and his Works," &c. Mr. Bogue, we know, is also the friend of George Cruickshank, and has published all of that humorist's best works for many years. The Messrs. Low and Son are proprietors of the "London Publisher's Circular," and have a most thorough experience in the bookselling and commission business. A particular feature in the business proposed by this house is the sale in London of copyrights for the benefit of Ameri-

can authors. Up to the decision of Judge Campbell, the value of an American copyright in London was very much a matter of chance and circumstance, although yet not permanently settled, perhaps; now it seems, by publishing his work first in London, a very handsome sum may be obtained by the American author. Mr. Hawthorne, for instance, it is said, has received from Messrs. Chapman and Hall \$1,000 for the English edition of his "Blithedale Romance." Drawing the attention of those interested to this matter, we can recommend Messrs. "Sampson Low, Son & Co." from a personal knowledge of each member of this firm.

PUTNAM & Co. will publish in a few days the following new American works:—"Memoirs of a Huguenot Family," translated and compiled from the original autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine, and other family MSS., comprising an original Journal of Travels in Virginia, etc., in 1715. By Anne Maury. "Kathay; or, a Cruise in the Chinese Seas." By Hastings Macaulay. "Romance of Student Life Abroad." By R. B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," etc. And a new issue of the "Home Book of the Picturesque," with splendid engravings from original drawings by eminent American artists, and original contributions by Cooper, Irving, Bryant, and others; 4to.; reduced to \$5. The most attractive book of the coming season however, will probably be their "Homes of American Authors," a handsome volume, profusely embellished with engravings on steel and wood, and bound in a novel and beautiful style. The literary and artistic departments of the work, judging from a rapid glance of an early copy, seem to be eminently attractive and beautiful, while the object and aim of the volume cannot fail to enlist, very generally, public interest.

The demand for the exact and impartial "Life of Daniel Webster," which appeared in the Daily Times, having exhausted the various editions of that journal, Messrs. DE WITT & DAVENPORT have issued it in a preservable form as one of their series of "American Biographies for the People."

**SALE OF BARTLETT AND WELFORD'S STOCK.**—This sale, which has been regularly progressing, since its commencement, on the 20th instant, at the rooms of Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co., Park Row, will be concluded during next week. On Monday next, the eleventh day, will be sold a choice "body" of library books in general English literature, and the division on Fine Arts, Galleries, Illustrated Books, etc. We do not know of a more important sale having happened in the country. Most of the books were selected by Mr. Welford, whose knowledge and judgment this way are well known, during many years of business, and, in most all cases, besides being the best editions, are in very superior condition—in all cases warranted what they are stated to be. Next week we will enumerate some of the prices given. Mr. Merwin, the auctioneer, combining energy with his usual suavity, has, so far, dispatched the books to their various purchasers at the rate of 300 a sale, or on an average one book in every forty-two seconds, allowing the fullest chance to a bid.

"National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, with Biographical Sketches." We have been favored with the first eight numbers of this work, which is to be completed in forty numbers, each containing three portraits. The whole will therefore contain one hundred and twenty engraved portraits of the eminent persons who have occupied a place in the history of the United States. The sketches are historical facts. The work is published by ROBERT PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia, by subscription, and should be in every public and private library. Wm. TERRY, No. 113 Nassau street, is the sole agent for New York and vicinity.

##### FOREIGN.

Mr. Bogue has in press a beautifully illus-

trated edition of Longfellow's "Hyperion," uniform with the *Evangeline*.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co. have undertaken for the benefit of the authors, the publication in Great Britain of "Wallis's Spain—her Great Men, Institutions," &c., and the new volume of Poems by Whittier, announced by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. They also import into London, in quantities, the American edition of Hawthorne's *Life of Pierce*. And they have made arrangements to secure the copyrights of a new work by Mrs. Stowe, a new work by Prof. Hitchcock, and one by the author of *Queechy*.

Monsieur Lavallee, who was a member of the French Mission to China in 1843-'46, has published, in a large octavo, an interesting account of his visits to Teneriffe, Rio, the Cape, Island of Bourbon, Malacca, &c., and the Chinese ports. A member of the Mexican Legion in Paris has issued, in an octavo pamphlet, a French translation of the Exposition by his government, of its rights and motives in annulling the privilege of Garay for a communication between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans by the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and in contesting the American claims under Garay's assignment. There is a French version of the Book of Mormon, and its disciples are working as propagandists in Paris. Achille Comte, an eminent Professor in the College Charlemagne, is editing Select Read-

ings on the Sciences—extracted from the works of celebrated savants, foreign and domestic. The catalogue of the Library of the ex-Queen of France (Countess of Neuilly) makes a large octavo. No small part consists of presents of books, rare, good or bad. So was it with the library of Louis Philippe, to whom American authors were exceedingly liberal. The books for the most part remained unknown to the royal donees. Mr. Levyson, former head of the Dutch factory in Japan, has recently issued, at the Hague, a volume entitled *Leaves upon Japan*. It is an historical and personal narrative, a dissertation on the interests of trade belonging to his subject, and an account of the best sources of information on the annals, and affairs, and the physical conformation, literature, and so forth, of the empire. He tells us that the Japanese have begun to inquire into European and American development and power. In the 3rd section of his book, he has comprised the Reports of Congress respecting the Expedition, the instructions from the Department of the State, and the opinions of American and European publicists on the subject. This author contributed to introduce vaccination into the islands, where the smallpox annually decimated the population. Since, the great increase of numbers is likely to necessitate emigration.—(*Paris Cor. Journal of Commerce*).

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